

# Magazine Feature Section

## CAT SUCCEEDS MONKEY IN

## NEW YORK SOCIETY

**Mrs. Anita Comfort Brooks Takes Palm From Mrs. Vernon Castle and Places Feline Pet Upon a Pedestal—Toms and Tabbies Served Dinner In a Fashionable Park**

Now the cat is coming into its own in polite New York society.

The pet monkey saw its debut into popularity at the beginning of the summer season in Mrs. Vernon Castle's muff, a complement of her summer furs, and society followed suit with monkeys as part of their equipment on the bathing beaches. But now the monkey has been placed back in its cage, as far as society is concerned, and the cat has been pulled forth from its napping place in the aux-parlor to be for a short time the idol of society fad.

Mrs. Anita Comfort Brooks, leader of the anti-Suffrage league in New York, is the sponsor of the new fad and in introducing it gave a birthday dinner for her cat, H. R. H., King Edward VII. Of course a lot of other cats and society women were at the cat dinner and it was pronounced a success—by both the cats and their mistresses.

The dinner was given in Central Park, New York, not refraining from adding in the eccentricity of the social leaders and was made more attractive by the presence of Indians and Boy Scouts, who served lunch.

New York, of course, is used to anything. It suffered no shock when informed that it was to have a cat dinner. New York had seen felines frequenting its alleys and streets and saw no reason why these cats should not have a dinner of their own, other than that provided by the occasional donated saucer of milk or the trimmings of meat thrown out the back door for the canine wanderers.

### SOMETHING NEW.

Yet New York didn't know this was to be a big exclusive fare and affair for cats of royalty and not for the common felines that live and die in the alleys of the great city. It was, however, such an affair. Society women in their most fashionable garb were present with their feline pets to see that they got the best of food.

As a society editor might say, the audience stood aghast as the biggest park in the city was given over to the entertainment of the cats and their mistresses. The decorations of the cats were no more elaborate than those of their owners. The cats were bedecked with gaily colored ribbons and costly coats and even crowns, while the women who attended them at the dinner appeared in their best silks and taffetas so that they were not off-set in any manner by their cat-guests.

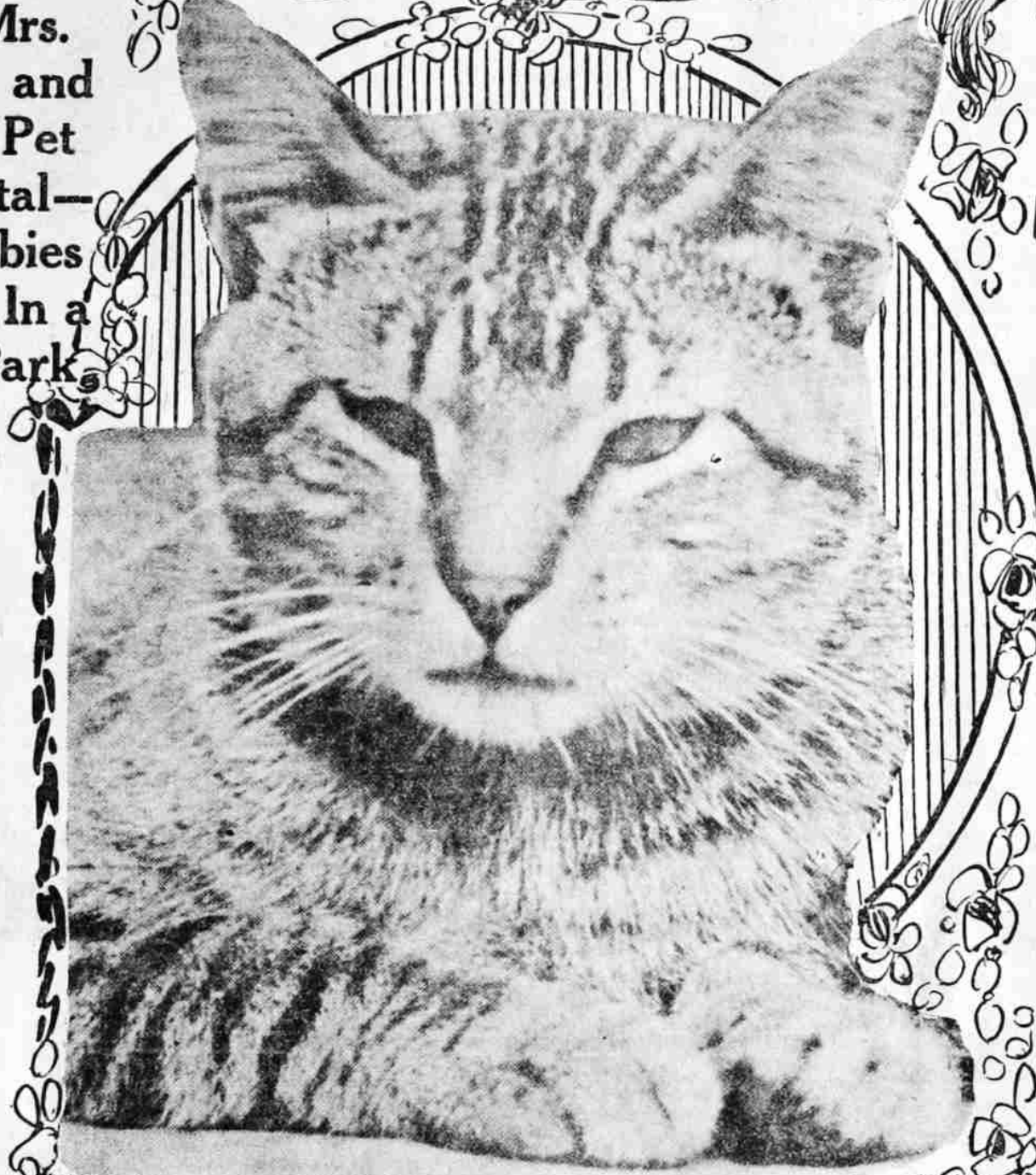
The animals, of course, arrived in machines, riding on downy cushions in the brief ride and were carefully carried to their places in the park. The care was on the part of the attendants of the wealthy, the attendants learning that even society cats with all their supposed polish, are not without claws.

So amid claws and music furnished behind palms by an orchestra, the cats were taken to their places. The rabble of the street, the people beyond the barrier of society who envied the cats their elaborate meals, saw the performance with more or less wonderment, although freaks are not unusual in New York and a man starving on the streets begging for food is but a dim picture compared with such an elaborate dinner.

### THE CAT DINNER.

The cats were seated at their places and their handsomely gowned mistresses were seated beside them. Even society cats show the eccentricities and evident marks of retirement that the cat of the alley variety displays. This was evidenced by the refusal of the cats to sit erectly at their places at table and secondly by their inclination to drag their food to the grassy lawn and devour it there.

It was a wise chef that prepared



"BRUDDER TOM" TAKING IT EASY

that cat dinner. He thought that in place of connoisseurs, usually the preliminary course of his rich patrons, milk would be more suitable for his present unique guests.

So iced milk was served in silver bowls. Not enough milk, of course, to make the feline guest sufficiently well contented to leave the table and go in search for a place in which to take an afternoon nap in the sun, but just enough milk to make the feline pet relish a further course.

The next on the menu was boiled meat with all the trimmings that a French chef knows how to arrange. With their delicate appetites, inured to many fancy dishes, the cats ate but sparingly of the meat, perhaps because they were so accustomed to such a bill-of-fare and again perhaps because they feared a diet of meat might bring on the feline disease that is considered terribly painful and inconvenient among humans and yet more particularly among cats, who have been taught from the beginning of time that the best way to escape a dog foe is by fleetness of foot. Of course, society cats and their wealthy mistresses and their guard of footmen, don't have to flee from dogs. Yet perhaps their ancestors were of the variety of cat that was accustomed to heap its back and spit and hiss when a dog approached. So even a society cat should be prepared for such necessary flight.

The next course was mashed potatoes. A mere side dish for the cat, for this dish is but little liked by the present feline generation, save when there is a serious lack of other food in the neighborhood. Potatoes may serve as an attractive diet to the starved cat on a cold night when nothing else is placed on the back porch and there is danger of starvation, but to the society cat at a banquet in its honor it has but little attraction.

### FELINE FIGURES.

A cat usually displays the wisdom that an epicure does in selecting its food. (Provided that the cat knows that one course will follow another). A cat will see a piece of liver cut into small strips and then placed on the floor, but will continue to beg until positively assured that its owner intends to give no more, whereupon it will content itself with its allowance.

So the cats of society, animals wearing blue ribbons won at prize shows, sniffed at potatoes while they awaited the more attractive courses.



A PRIZE WINNER

Finally came the piece de resistance—inch-thick steak that only millionaires buy and of which the poor read of only in books. Of course, a rich cat likes meat of tender variety just as the more plebeian alley variety purrs contentedly when such a delicacy as liver or kidney comes their way. The rich cats forgot their dignity and dragged their food to the lawn and there devoured it with many a snarl, showing that they were nothing but cats—that manners are forgotten when steak is on the menu. The society leaders, who had imagined that their cats would sit at the table and eat with the same complacency and decorum of humans, were a bit surprised, but then inured themselves to the novelty (if novelty it were) of seeing high-bred cats eating like wild ani-

mals and seated themselves at the tables and enjoyed their own meals following those of the cats. It was, of course, a novelty to have real Indian boys and with them Boy Scouts serving the meals to the cats. Boy Scouts are supposed to be kind to cats, although their book of rules says nothing of their waiting upon felines.

**A LATE FAD.**

The final course for the cats was ice cream, and society cats can eat or rather lap ice cream just as a society man can calmly sip a highball.

The dinner, as is usual with such affairs, ended by being pronounced a success by the society women who had planned it. Even the cats seemed well satisfied with their entertainment and went back by automo-



MRS. VERNON CASTLE AND HER PET MONKEY

...illness to be so entertained by brushing against the dress of his mistress.

It remained to Mrs. Anita Comfort Brooks to find in the cat the element of society and dresse as shown at her recent party. Some cats, she learned, will more readily respond to proffers of meat than others. Certain cats will eat anything that may fortunately come their way, while others prefer chicken or something more appetizing, many of them, it is said, even disdainful foods not originated by French chefs, and all showing a liking to pate-de-foie-gras.

So Mrs. Brooks lifted her cat from the common variety. She learned it was pedigreed and that its ancestors were of a certain line of feline nobility. That is, none of its ancestors had been common alley cats, but all were used to eating three comfortable and regularly provided meals each day and spending the rest of the time in sun baths and other forms of leisure. Whereupon she erected a sort of a pedestal for her cat by giving it a name after King Henry VII, and even rewarding it with a crown of gold and gems. Of course other society women were not slow to follow her and place their animals on a similar high standing. Now rivalry is not slow among New York parvenues of fads and in a short time the cat won fame even above the monkey that accompanied Mrs. Vernon Castle on her visit to Atlantic City.

Mrs. Vernon Castle and her monkey, of course, caused quite a stir in Atlantic City. Imagine the leading dancing artist of the United States walking about with a little white-faced monkey tucked in her muff and chattering excitedly as it glared at the throngs. Then imagine other society women following the proverbial habit of the monkey by following Mrs. Castle's example and appearing with their own hastily acquired pets.

The cat idea, in the opinion of New York, is a great advantage over that of the monkey or any of the other pets that society so far has devoted attention to. The cats are more lovable than monkeys and make more agreeable pets. Yet aside from a humanitarian idea the new craze is satisfied that excessive catnip of New York that continually calls for new and unusual diversions.

So the cat is the real pet of society for the time being.



ANTICIPATING A DINNER

...ble to their silken pillows at home with great complacency.

The cat fad is a new one in New York, one that has not been given much attention before. Of course, there have been dinners for dogs and even monkeys, but the cat has

been recognized as a more or less domesticated animal that contents itself with being as far as it can out of the way, of occasionally demanding its meals with polite meows and on rare occasions finding pleasure in being petted, after signifying its